

The Ghost of two Betrayals
by FictionFolly

Category: Halo, Titanfall
Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi
Language: English
Characters: Arbiter, OC, T. Lasky
Pairings: OC/OC
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2014-07-11 04:22:58
Updated: 2015-07-12 00:29:27
Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:09:14
Rating: M
Chapters: 5
Words: 6,079
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Kyle York was just a normal Titan pilot doing what he does best. That is until he meets a young Spartan by the name of Tessa. That was when Kyle's world starts to fall apart around him. Rated M because I'm a perv and you can't stop me.

1. An Interesting Day

**Hey guys this is FictionFolly and this is my first story. Yep it's a Halo and Titanfall Crossover not so much Titanfall cause I only borrowed the Titans and the Titan weapons. **

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><p>Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or Titanfall even though I want to.

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><p>"Why are we here when this isn't even our fight?" Kyle wished he had time to find the answer to his thoughts. Sadly, he didn't have that luxury, as one of his fellow operatives tried to contact him through his helmet communicator.

"_Kyle what's your situation? Over," _Kyle's commander and brother Grayson said. Kyle himself, too engrossed in his own thoughts to respond, remained silent.

Grayson began to grow worried as his friend didn't respond. He said into his microphone once more, "Kyle come in." Kyle began to slip back into reality as he began to look around the cockpit of his Titan. _"KYLE ANSWER ME DAMNIT!"_ yelled Grayson.

Kyle was shocked back into reality by the sudden demand of his commanding officer. He quickly turned on his helmet microphone and

replied, "yessir."

"_Finally, where the hell have you been?"_ Grayson said.

"Umâ€| Iâ€|" Kyle was interrupted as his commander continued. _"You know what I don't wanna know. Just get your head out of your ass and get back into the fight."_

"Alright got it boss," replied Kyle. He began to move his Titan towards the battlefield. _"I know he's looking out for me, but he doesn't have to be a dick about it,"_ Kyle thought as he pulled the strategic map up on his heads-up display. "Alright let's see what we got," Kyle said to himself. The strategic map showed several small groups of friendly soldiers surrounded by Elites. Kyle made his way to the nearest group.

* * *

><p>Kyle didn't see a group of marines, but a single Spartan. Her armor was painted pure white with gold detailing and her Friend-or-Foe tag read S356 -TESSA. _"Tessa that's a nice name," _Kyle thought. Tessa was surrounded by three Wraith battle tanks and a number of Elites. Kyle charged in and picked up one of the Wraiths and threw into a wall causing it to explode. The second Wraith fired a mortar directly at him. His Titan's hand began to glow, and he caught the bolt of white hot plasma and redirected it toward the third Wraith destroying it. _"Man I love this upgrade,"_ Kyle thought as he raised his Titan's left arm and, firing his missile launcher twice, destroyed the last Wraith. The Elites came to their senses and began firing. Kyle's energy shield absorbed most of the fire. He rolled backwards raising his right arm and firing the Mini Gun attached to his arm. The Elites fought hard but were no match for the 3-story tall, mechanized Titan. Soon enough all the Elites were either dead or dying. Kyle heard a voice over the communicator.

"_All UNSC personnel, this is Fleet Admiral Lasky. We lost this battle. All forces retreat to the landing zone."_ Kyle, heeding his call, lowered his Titan's hand, allowing Tessa to step on. With Tessa in his hand, Kyle ran toward the LZ.

* * *

><p>Before Tessa boarded one of the many Pelican drop ships, she took off her helmet, revealing a pair of glowing lilac eyes and a flowing mane of blonde hair. Kyle took one last look from inside his Titan before he boarded his own Albatross drop ship. "This has been an interesting day," he thought.

* * *

><p>So what'd ya think of my first chapter yes I know it's kinda confusing but more will be explained in the next chapter. Please review as I would love any tips that you guys can give. I know this chapter is kinda short I had to write this quickly because I was busy this week.

Hey guys I'm back and I'm not dead. My schedule has not been kind to me so I couldn't find too much time for this chapter nonetheless, enjoy.

* * *

><p>Kyle stepped off the Albatross dropship onto the hangar deck of the UNSC Infinity with a sigh of relief. The 3.5 mile-long starship wasn't just home, it was his home. After depositing his Titan in the vehicle bay for repairs, Kyle made his way to his room.</p>

When Kyle entered his room he began taking of his armor and, once he placed it on the stand, made his way to the bathroom. Once he was in the bathroom he quickly stripped out of his skin tight under armor and stepping into the shower. He just stood there; letting the warm water wash the pains of the day away. Once he exited the shower he put on standard issue UNSC T-shirt and pants. Once he deemed himself ready, he left for the mess hall.

After three months of being on the ship Kyle was still awestruck how large the mess hall was. The mess hall itself, was possibly one of the largest rooms (besides the Titan Bay of course) on the Infinity. The room itself spanned over 400 meters long and 300 wide and sporting several long tables that run the length of the room with a buffet on the far wall. Kyle walked over to the fan grabbed a tray putting on a piece of country style steak with a side of cream potatoes topped with gravy. He then sat in the least populated corner of the room and began eat slowly, savoring every bite of his food. As he eight Kyle heard a voice from behind him. "You will never live this down." "_Aw shit, here we go_," Kyle thought. Grayson said the next to him with his tray of food and said. "The next time you zone out like that I'm going to leave you to die." "But you like me too much to let me die," Kyle responded with a smirk plastered to his face. "Only in your dreams migraine," Grayson said. Kyle smiled at the nickname he was given because he was such a headache to his commanders. Another one of the squad mates, Matthew, sat across from Kyle and asked. "What did you do this time?" Before he could respond Grayson said. "He was just standing still 'thinking' in the middle of the mission." "Oh really, what are you thinking about?" Matthew said with lewd grin across his face. "Screw you," Kyle responded. "I know you would," Matthew replied. Kyle's only response was a loud groan. "That will never happen again, is that clear Chief Petty Officer," Grayson stated. Kyle knew he was serious, Grayson only calls the squad mates by their ranks when he means it. "Crystal clear Lt. Commander" Kyle said with in his mock voice of Grayson. Grayson's only reply was a glare. Kyle was about to respond with a smirk but was interrupted by his communicator. He opened it and seeing his caller ID showed his mechanic, Hammond. Kyle sighed and answered the call. "What did you do!" Hammond said. "We'll hi to you to Hammond," Kyle said. "No bull shit, just get down to the Titan Bay now," Hammond said as he hung up. "_Pushy_" Kyle thought as he exited the mess hall.

As Kyle into the Titan Bay he began to walk toward the area that houses Titan. Once Kyle got there he took two minutes to just admire the 25 ft. mechanized battlesuit. Kyle's Titan was painted midnight black it's detailing a rust orange that matches his armor, on it shoulder was the emblem that was on the shoulder of his armor, a fist shattering a boulder. Like his own armor, printed across the left side of the Titans chest plate with the name GROUNDBREAKER. Kyle

smiled at his tool of destruction, knowing that he'd use it again soon. His smile faded as Hammond emerged from behind GROUNDBREAKER. Hammond casually strolled from behind GROUNDBREAKER and passed Kyle his ratchet. "What am I supposed to do with this," Kyle said. "What the fuck do you think," Hammond replied gesturing to GROUNDBREAKER. "But this is your job," Kyle said angrily. _Not_ anymore, I'm done fixing your Titan after you trash it after every mission, in another words this is your job now," Hammond replied with a smug look on his face. Kyle watched Hammond walk away with hell brewing in his eyes. _Why is my jackass mechanic such a dick, _Kyle thought as he turned toward his Titan. Kyle walked over and grabbed an Operating System Maintenance Device. Holding the OSMD he climbed into the cockpit of his Titan. Sitting in the seat he booted up the OS and plugged in the OSMD. _OSMD recognized. Would you like to perform system diagnostics? _Yes, Kyle said to the computer. _Performing system diagnostics. Warning, 26 errors detected. _The computer finally responded. _Fuck Me!" _Kyle thought as an audible groan emitted from his mouth.

Kyle was hanging from his Titan's shoulder blades in a harness kicking the reactor trying to get the fuel rods realigned. Suddenly Kyle heard a female voice from the other side of his Titan. "Hey do you know where the pilot of this Titan is?" "You're looking at him," Kyle responded. "What happened to your mechanic?" The voice inquired. "He quit," Kyle answered with obvious anger in his words. "Can you come down so I can actually talk to you?" The voice asked. With a sigh, Kyle hit the button on his forearm and the harness lowered. When Kyle hit the floor he shed the harness on top of the tool box and walked over to the front of the Titan only to see the Spartan that he saved earlier. She pointed at him and asked, "Are you Chief Petty Officer Kyle York." Kyle replied with a nod. She smiled at him and said, "I just wanted to say thank you for earlier, I would have never be able to handle those Wraiths alone." "You're welcome," Kyle replied. "Oh by the way I'm Lieutenant Tessa Alenko," Tessa said realizing that she hadn't introduced herself. "I managed to get ahold of one of the movies coming out back on Earth, you're welcome to watch it with me," Tessa said smiling. "Sorry but I'm kind of a little busy at the moment," Kyle answered gesturing to his Titan. Tessa looked over at the Titan and then the tool box with an unsure look on her face then smiled. She walked over to the tool box and grabbed a ratchet and said, "Then let's get started." Kyle raised an eyebrow but didn't object as he walked back over ready to finish the job he was just doing. Kyle turned and looked back at his Titan and smiled. That same smile faded as the reactor fuel rod he was working on not a minute before fell to the Titanium floor with a loud clank. "GODDAMNIT" Kyle yelled his voice carrying an obviously pissed off tone.

Kyle stepped into his room with a zombie-like stride, his exhaustion visibly showing from the day's work. He fell onto his bed and as soon as he hit the mattress he went to sleep.

* * *

><p>I'll do my best to get the next chapter out in a timely manner, but I can't make any promises. Remember to review, as it is greatly appreciated.

I'm back. I told you I would try to get it out faster. Luckily my schedule is starting to lighten up so expect regular intervals.

* * *

><p>6 year old Kyle cowered in his mother, Samantha's, arms. His mother heard a noise from one of the doors. The voice of an Elite said, "Do not leave a single human alive on this ship". Hearing these words Samantha, holding her son, rushed to one of the escape pods left on their transport ship. She set Kyle down in the escape pod and strapped him in, all the while saying to her son "Sweetie I need you to stay here and don't unbuckle." Kyle responded, "But mom I wanna go with you." "I know sweetie but you have to stay here okay," Samantha responded with tears in her eyes and kissed him in the forehead. She then ran to the computer and set it to launch in 5 seconds and then rushed out of the escape pod. Kyle watched as the doors of the escape pod closed and he watched the Elite Zealot stride to his mother activating his energy sword. He watched his mother beg to the Zealot to spare her. As the escape pod launched Kyle watched the Zealot pick up his mother by the throat and shove his energy sword though her abdomen.

* * *

><p>Kyle shot up from his bed panting and sweating heavily from the nightmare he just had. The nightmares he was having were becoming more frequent. He sat up on the side of his bed length setting his feet on the floor. He looked to the LED clock reading it as 3:07. Kyle sighed and walked over to the bathroom and turned on the sink splashing ice cold water on his face. He looked at the clock again and sighed. Kyle grabbed a shirt and walked out the door to the rifle range showing he wouldn't get another ounce of sleep that night.<p>

* * *

><p>The Infinity's practice deck was a very large room sporting a gun range, hand-to-hand and melee combat arena, a weight room, and even a combat simulation room for Titan pilots. As Kyle walked in the room was mostly dark and inactive. Kyle walked over to the gun range and picked up a M395 DMR and attached a suppressor to the end making sure he wouldn't wake anybody up. He walked up to one of the stands and set the computer to start in 10 seconds. He readied himself sticking a magazine in the DMR and checked the suppressor making sure it was attached correctly. He readied his rifle pulling the slide back and chambering a round. Several holograms of Elites flickered into existence charging at him with energy swords drawn. Kyle steadied his breath and closed one eye looking through the scope of the rifle and then Kyle fired several rounds off with deadly accuracy each one finding their mark on each Elites forehead. Kyle continued to fire repetitively pouring every bit of anger in to each shot until all the elite holograms were on the ground, holes in their head. Kyle was about to reload and start round two until he heard several loud thumps coming from the combat arena. He raised an eyebrow putting his rifle on the rack and walked over to the combat arena. When Kyle walked into the combat arena, he saw Tessa in her full Mjolnir armor save for her helmet wearing her long blonde hair in a ponytail. She was facing several combat drones in hand-to-hand combat. Kyle sat on the bleachers to get a closer look. She moved like a blur, relieving

two drones of their heads quickly and effortlessly. Kyle watched as she avoided several strikes from a third drone while disabling three other drones. Kyle heard the automated announcer speak, "round nine over, point awarded to Spartan 356. The current score is nine to zero, advantage Spartan 356." Kyle looked impressed at a match that lasted about 10 seconds at most. Tessa saw him and walked over.<p>

"What are you doing here at 3:30 in the morning?" Tessa asked with a confused look on her face.

Kyle responded, "Nothing, just a bad dream."

"You wanna talk about it?" Tessa asked looking concerned.

Kyle just shook his head in response. "I know we've only known each other for a day, but you can't just shrug this off," Tessa said trying to encourage him.

Kyle just sighed and said, "Alright I'll tell you."

Kyle told her all about the nightmare he had about how he lost his mother. Once he was done describing the dream he told her what happened after that event.

"Soon after the escape pod launched the UNSC Dawn of Fate found me drifting. Grayson was the one that found me. He lost his mother to the Covenant too and he took me in as a brother. He raised me and trained me to be a pilot. We became legal brothers only a few years ago." Kyle explained.

Tessa looked concerned. "_He needs to sleep, but he probably won't try to after that nightmare," _Tessa thought. Then an idea struck her.

"Come on," Tessa said dragging Kyle behind her.

* * *

><p>Tessa walked down a deserted corridor with Kyle on her heels. "Where are we going," Kyle asked.<p>

"I'm going to sleep with you," Tessa responded casually. Kyle tripped and fell on the floor.

"Why?" Kyle asked looking utterly bewildered.

"Because you need to sleep and you're not going to be able to after that nightmare," Tessa said her cheeks slightly flushed.

"Oh," Kyle responded dumbstruck and a slight red in his cheeks as well.

* * *

><p>When they arrived in Tessa's room, she grabbed a bundle of clothes and ran into the bathroom saying "I'll be just a minute." Kyle waited until she stepped out of the bathroom. She exchanged her bulky Mjolnir armor for comfortable sleepwear and her hair was hanging loosely instead of it being in a ponytail. Tessa sat on the

edge of her bed and motioned him over. Tessa became impatient at his reluctance to sit down and grabbed him by the waist dragging him down onto the bed. Once she got him to lay down, she snuggled up close to him and set her head on his chest. Kyle was tired from lack of sleep and he was in such a comfortable position. He soon succumbed to a peaceful sleep with no nightmares, the first one in 2 months.<p>

4. A New Mission

I'm back bitches! But seriously you don't know how much of a bitch this was to write. I've rewritten this chapter twelve times, TWELVE TIMES! I'm real sorry about the wait guys but enough complaining lets get on with this chapter. :)

* * *

><p>Kyle woke up to an unfamiliar but very welcome sensation. He awoke in a comfortable position with Tessa's head laid out on his chest and her hair spread out in all directions. She clutched him as a child would hug a stuffed animal. Kyle looked at her "She probably would hurt me if I said it out loud but that actually looks kind of cute," Kyle thought. Tessa started to stir.

"Morning" Kyle said.

She just groaned and clutched him tighter saying "What time is it?" in a sleepy voice.

Kyle looked over at the clock and answered "10:26."

She responded still with a sleepy voice "Mmmmm okay." About 5 seconds passed before Tessa's eyes opened fully alert.

She literally jumped out of bed saying "Oh shit I'm late." leaving a dumbstruck Kyle yet to respond. She grabbed a bundle of clothes and being in a hurry she started to change right in front of Kyle completely forgetting that he was in the room.

Kyle quickly shielded his eyes and said "Whoa I'm still in the room."

She quickly realized what she was about to do and ran into the bathroom still half-dressed yelling "I'm sorry." After about five minutes she walks out her cheeks still a bright shade of scarlet. "Um I would say I'm sorry, but I don't think that really cuts it for almost stripping right in front of you," Tessa said quite embarrassed.

"Nah its okay, besides, you were in a hurry." Kyle paused for a moment before continuing, "Why are you in a hurry?"

"Because I have training with Fireteam Phoenix on the holodeck," Tessa responded.

"Yeah Grayson's probably looking for me too," Kyle inquired.

"Well I should probably go before I'm missed; I'll see you later, by the way, when you leave remember to lock the door," Tessa said

heading out the door. Kyle soon followed her out the door and locked it.

"_Time to go find Grayson_."

* * *

><p>TESSA P.O.V

"_Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck; I'm late, I'm late, I'm late._" Tessa's mind was racing as she sprinted down the corridor. She literally jumped into the Mjolnir Assembler. She was starting to become impatient as the hydraulic arms slowly locked her armor in place along her skin tight jumpsuit. As soon as her armor was secure she once again dashed toward the holodeck using her augmentations and her suits hydraulics to move faster. At the time she didn't think she was moving that fast, but along the way she could've sworn she heard a marine that saw her play the Benny Hill Theme as she ran by.

As she arrived at the holodeck saw that her teammates, Luke and Percy, were smirking at her. Her captain, Amanda, was staring at her with hardened grey eyes and it wasn't just any stare. It was the kind of stare that could make any Spartan anxious and make a normal marine shit himself.

"Nice of you to show up." "Where have you been?" Amanda asked.

She was about to answer when Luke interrupted.

"Doing something behind closed doors, something very, very naughty."

WHACK!

If only he would have kept his mouth shut.

Tessa roundhouse kicked Luke and he flew into a wall. "As I was saying I was up late last night and I slept in," Tessa explained.

"Yeah she was exhausted last night," Luke said as he rejoined the group.

WHACK!

Once again Luke was roundhouse kicked into a wall and this time he made a dent.

Amanda was about to reprimand Tessa when Commander Sarah Palmer, Senior Commander of all the fireteams on the Infinity, walked up.

Amanda saw the Commander and barked, "Commander on deck!"

All the Spartans immediately snapped to attention.

Commander Palmer responded by saying, "At ease Spartans." "Admiral Lasky wants Fireteam Pheonix on the bridge ASAP."

Amanda asked "Commander, why wouldn't they just call for us over the

intercom?"

Commander Palmer responded "The Admiral will explain when we get there, now let's go.

Amanda nodded and turned to her fireteam, "Spartans, fall in!"

And on that note, the Spartans formed up and jogged down the corridor heading to the bridge.

* * *

><p>Kyle P.O.V

Kyle found Grayson and was having a very heated conversation with him about the laws of physics and how it applies to Titans when the ship's AI, Roland, appeared on a nearby terminal.

"Roland, to what do I owe the pleasure?" Grayson asked.

"Lieutenant Commander Grayson Price, report to Fleet Admiral Lasky on the bridge with your platoon Executive Officer and Senior Non-Commissioned Officer." Roland said and then flickered out of existence.

"Kyle, go find my XO." Kyle said instantly serious.

"I bet Matthew's at the firing range, I'll go get him," Kyle said.

* * *

><p>Thirty minutes later they were at the bridge. They saw the Admiral and his XO there which wasn't surprising. What was actually surprising was when Spartan Commander Sarah Palmer and the entirety of Fireteam Phoenix stepped onto the bridge. "Judging by the looks on their faces they're as surprised as we are," Kyle inquired.

"Well now that we're all here let's start," Lasky said. Everyone nodded in sync.

"Now all the information here is classified to anyone outside this room, are we clear." Everyone once again nodded.

"Very well," Lasky said. As if it was synced to Lasky's mind a holographic map appeared on the holo table.

"Five months ago the Covenant Loyalists shattered the 5th Corps and pushed our forces back 20 miles along this front." He pointed to a dotted line on the holo map. The line moved back a good distance before stopping.

"The leader of that offensive was the Loyalist leader Jul M'dama; and up until now we had no idea where he was," Lasky said.

The holo map transformed into a layout of a covenant base surrounded on one side by a Cliffside, on top of the Cliffside was a dense jungle, on the other side was open, flat plains.

"Your mission is to infiltrate this base and capture Jul M'dama alive

if possible and destroy the base," Lasky explained. "I'm sending you on this mission because Fireteam Phoenix and Earthshaker platoon are the best forces on the ship."

"Sir with all due respect if you wanted the best of the best why did you send two Spartan fire teams. After all they're stealthier than these ragtag Mech pilots," Amanda cut in.

"Take it back, take it back now!" Matthew yelled walking over to Amanda and facing her.

The 7 foot three Spartan easily towered over the 6 foot Lieutenant and still he looked straight into her eyes with a look that could kill.

"Enough! I know the Spartans and the pilots aren't the best of pals, but I need you to work together on this one. If we lose the location of Jul M'dama again it could cost us the war." Lasky stated

"Sir why did you choose Titan pilots out of any other type of soldier to go with us on this mission?" Amanda asked

"Because when you capture Jul M'dama and shit hits the fan you'll need the heavy firepower. Need I remind you Sergeant Amanda Rogers that pilots are specialized in combat outside of Titans as well?" Lasky asked

"Sir no sir," Amanda stoically replied.

"Good. Are there any questions about the mission parameters?" Lasky asked.

"How do we scuttle the base?" Grayson asked.

"Once you capture the target and have moved to a safe distance, radio the Infinity's fire coordinator we'll give that covenant base a nice holiday present."

"Understood Sir," Grayson stated.

"Once you hit the dirt set up an FOB and Scout the area. Use high-powered binoculars and sniper rifles to monitor enemy movement if you have to. Pilots don't call in your Titans unless it's absolutely necessary. Lt. Commander Price you'll be in command of this operation." Lasky said.

Grayson nodded.

"You have eight hours to prepare. You are dismissed." Lasky stated.

The flight deck of the Infinity was abuzz with movement as two Pelicans equipped with "blood trays" as the aviators called them were being loaded with supplies. The pilots of the two Pelicans warmed up their engines as the 30 pilots of Earthshaker platoon and the entirety of Fireteam Phoenix walked out onto the flight deck and boarded the first pelican.

Grayson waited for everyone to get strapped in then walked up to the cockpit and said, "We're all locked down and ready to depart."

The pilot gave him a thumbs up which caused Grayson to walk back to the troop Bay.

The pilot turned back to his controls and radioed into flight control.

"Delta-835 to Flight Control, we are locked down and ready to depart over."

"_Roger Delta-835 you are clear for departure. Codeword is fallout."_

"Acknowledged Flight Control I copy Codeword fallout. By the way leave a cold beer in the fridge for us when we get back."

"_Copy Delta-835 good hunting, Flight Control out."_

Kyle watched the bay door close as the pelican lifted off the flight deck and took off for the planet below.

* * *

><p>Whew, thank God that chapter's out of my life. Alright guys as always you know the drill. Follow, Fav, and Review as it's greatly appreciated and inspires me to write faster and at my best and I will see you in the next chapter. Bye Bye. :)

5. Landing

Hey guys I'm going to clarify a few things about this AU. First of all in the AU the Titans and the pilots were an experimental program kind of like the Spartans. The Titan program was almost ready to start production until the Covenant destroyed Reach. After that the project was put on hold. After the Human-Covenant War the program was restarted and the Pilots and Titans were born. Kyle, Grayson and the other pilots on the Infinity were the first ever trained. They were stationed on the Infinity for its 3rd tour of duty to assist with the civil war on Sangheilius. Welp hope that clarified everything so I will shut up and let you read. :)

* * *

><p>Trees trembled and the air howled as Pelican Delta-835 glided over the jungle. Grayson stood at the end of the troop Bay with his back to the hatch waiting for their signal. Suddenly a red light flickered on and illuminated the troop bay with a deep red color.<p>

"All right people that's our cue! Everybody hookup!" Grayson ordered.

Everyone in the troop Bay stood up, lined up double file towards the hatch, and hooked up to the repel lines above their heads.

"All right, opening hatch." Grayson warned.

Grayson hit a button to side and opened the back hatch leading in a gust of wind and deafened everyone with the roar of the

engines.

Kyle could see the Jungle moving in a blur from the Pelican.

Grayson, desperately trying to order his subordinates over the noise, motioned to his hookup points and yelled, "CHECK HOOKUPS!"

The other pilots in the hold began quickly checking their comrades hookups to make sure they were properly secured to the repel line.

They began to say in tandem, "One okay."

"Two okay."

"Three okay."

"Four okay."

"Five okay."

The men continued like this until all the soldiers were properly checked.

"HELMETS ON, PREPARE TO DROP." Grayson ordered.

All the pilots put their helmets on and stood stoically in the troop bay hooked to the repel lines awaiting their drop order.

Grayson himself donned his helmet and hooked up the repel line planning to repel down last.

Suddenly the red light illuminating the bay turned green.

"GREENLIGHT, GO GO GO."

The pilots with no fear sprinted out of the back of the troop Bay two at a time. They repelled down, landed, detached themselves and drew their weapons as if they had done it hundreds of times (which in fact they had).

Once the last of the pilots and the Spartans jumped out Grayson turned around, jumped out, and repelled down himself.

Once he was down he tapped the side of his helmet and radioed into Delta-835.

"Delta-835 your bay is cleared. Have a nice day."

"_Copy Commander, Charlie-140 will set down here in 20 minutes. I suggest you secure the area in the meantime._"

"Acknowledged Delta-835 thanks for the lift over and out."

"_I'm bugging out. Remember Commander until you call for evac you're on your own. Good luck Delta-835 out._"

He watched the Pelican shrink in the distance then turned toward his

men and said, "All right men; let's secure the area and find a good spot to set up camp."

20 minutes later another Pelican came on the radio.

_"__This is Pelican Charlie-140. Did anybody order some supplies?"__

A random pilot said over the radio, _"Charlie-140 I didn't know you made house calls."__

As the Pelican set down the pilot said, _"You know our motto, we deliver."__

As the Pelican's engines shut down and cooled and the dust settled, pilots moved over to take supplies off the Pelican.

"All right let's go. I want the supplies off the Pelican into the jungle by nightfall."

The pilots make good time and had the entire camp set up by sunset. They had set up camp in the jungle. In the Cliffside and they had small teams scoping out the base from little clearings in the jungle where they could see.

"Matthew I need you to take two men down the Cliffside and scout the base, take cloaking shields, and don't take unnecessary risks. We can't give away our position."

"Yes sir. We'll get it done." Matthew responded.

"Be back by sunrise, no later." Grayson said.

Matthew nodded and moved to gather men.

KYLE P.O.V THE NEXT MORNING

Kyle was currently in one of the clearings helping scope out the enemy base.

"I can't see anything from this far away. Headcase you got anything?"

Kyle's partner Petty Officer Anon "Headcase" Kalisnilov who was holding a sniper rifle with a thermal sight responded, "No. This jungles good for cover, but the heat and humidity are playing hell with my thermals."

Kyle slumped against the rock he was using for cover.

"Get up and help me keep a lookout will ya?"

Kyle heeded Anon's request, turned around, and kneeled down with his high power binoculars. He slowly scanned the plains beyond, eyes alert for any movement.

"I got thermal contacts at bearing 276. Identify them." Anon asked.

"Copy that" Kyle said slowly turning toward the bearing Anon had

given him. He focused his binoculars on the target and saw what they were looking for.

"Anon, we have Elites and it looks like high ranking ones." Kyle stated.

Anon grunted and focused in on their thermal signatures.

"Kyle look at this. Hey! Are you seeing this?" Anon said.

"Oh my God! I'm going radio this in." Kyle stated.

GRAYSON P.O.V

Grayson and several other pilots were in the command tent discussing tactics for when they take the base.

"What if we infiltrated the base with the Spartans under the cover of night using cloaking shields along this route? If we capture Jul M'dama without giving away our position won't we not suffer as many casualties?" One pilot offered pointing to a small clearing at the base of the cliff.

"That would work if we had any useable Intel on the inside of the base. With our spotters on the top of the cliff, we could probably make it in the base, but beyond that we'd be on our own." Grayson said.

"Well then we're pretty fucked along that front! It's been 38 hours and the forward scouting party you sent into the base still hasn't reported in!" Amanda chipped in.

"Do you not think I know that Captain? Those are my pilots on the line and it worries me because I told them to be back by nightfall last night. I know my pilots to be efficient and I know that if they weren't back by the time specified then something went wrong." Grayson retorted.

"All we can do now is to hope that once we locate the target, we can capture him and take the base at the same time." Grayson stated.

The debate was about to continue until the radio operator peaked his head through the tent flap.

"Sir I'm sorry to interrupt, but CPO York is on the radio for you." Said the radio operator.

"Alright then, let's see what he wants." Grayson responded as he moved away from the map table.

As Grayson moved out of the tent his vision opened to the sight of the hustle and bustle of the base camp. They had set up many stations including a workshop, a basic storage tent, and a medical tent. What Grayson had his eyes set on was the situation tent that contained the radio operator's station.

As he looked into the tent he could see at least 10 pilots in the large situation tent. The situation tent is one of the most important at the base camp. It communicates with other units out in the field and helps to coordinate everybody.

Grayson walked up to the table with the radio on it and picked up the mic.

"Kyle to what do I owe the pleasure? This better be important"
Grayson said.

"Grayson we've found Jul M'dama."

"_WHAT! "_

* * *

><p>Welp that's Chapter 5 so I hope you guys liked it. I didn't get it out as fast as I wanted but it's out. As always follow, favorite, and review as it is always appreciated and I will see you in the next chapter.

End
file.